

should move into their own house which his father had helped him build. When they moved in, Etaha found out more about his wife. He hoped she would change for she never slept on the same bed with him. She would always put out all of the lights in the house before going to sleep.

Etaha's wife did not know how to set up a fire. She could not cook. She could not even fetch water. She always asked for help from her mother-in-law or asked her husband to do the task. When nobody could offer the service, then nothing could be done.

Etaha's wife could not do anything right. She always turned everything upside down. For instance, she would offer the back side of a plate to accept soup. She turned her back on the door to close it at night, and when she did close the door it became a wall.

Things like this made Etaha know where his search for the most beautiful wife had landed him. He could not tell his parents. It was about six market weeks after Etaha's wife came to live with him that Etaha tried to go to bed with her. She would not let him; but being stronger than she, he overpowered her

His parents could tell that they were taking loudly in their house but they decided not to interfere. Two or three mornings later, the mother went to find out how Etaha and his wife were doing. She found the door walled. She knocked and called out. Nobody was there, so she called Imeh for help. Imeh broke in through the window. Their son was lying on top of a coffin, naked and stone dead. So it was that they came to know their son's new bride was a ghost. So too they came to know their energy in bringing up the son was a waste.

-- Edem T. Udoh

Cross River State, Nigeria

#### MAKING IT TURKEY

My 2 brothers going  
through school always  
doing it right, what  
they're supposed to, always  
excelling ... one  
now an important heart surgeon, the other  
a wealthy divorce lawyer (his way of  
rending hearts) and me



the family black sheep, a truant, spending time for car theft at St Charles (despite my father's influence) and then it's off to a career of dope dealing driving two big vans of heroin worth several million dollars over the border from Mexico, and (even getting a little ripped off) I end up with \$250,000 just for me, safely

stuffed away in a Chemical Bank safety deposit box, then with no more financial worries, I go down to Nashville and buy myself into the right social positions, and (despite the fact that I can't even write a sentence and never passed a high school English exam) I ball and wine myself into the affections of a couple hillbilly superstars, and

they make me famous singing the silly, stupid songs I've yowled into a tape recorder over my morning beer ... and now I'm the cultural advisor for Gov Jimmy Lee James of Tennessee, and next yr I guess I can run for Senator here (if I can just get Loretta and Linda, or Billy maybe, to give me a little country western push) but

I still can't go home for Thanksgiving dinner

TO MAKE IT LIKE RAY!

Seeing

Sugar Ray Leonard walk away from beating Hearns senseless, with 10 million dollars in his pocket ... and

even unknown punks get mauled by Holmes to walk off with a million in theirs ... and then there's me with my PhD in English lit going from NY cab driver to

the nuthouse at Bellevue to short order cook in the SF Mission to the nuthouse at SF General to sleeping with my wine bottle in the Tenderloin ... and

it makes me so mad, the injustice of it, that I go right up to big Wino Wes and demolish him with a fusilade of body punches ... and now I am the champ of 6th and Mission

-- Fritz Hamilton

San Francisco CA